

# TELL OF NUMBERED DAYS by FRANCIS LYNDIE ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

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## SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niagara reclamation dam, goes out from camp to investigate a strange light and find an automobile party camped at the canyon mouth. He meets the engineer of the dam and his daughter, Genevieve, of the auto party and explains the reclamation work to them. Cortwright seems to be a financier, who tells Genevieve that the engineer will come down and look himself if the dam is well covered. Cortwright organizes a company and obtains government contracts to furnish power and material for the dam construction. A busy city springs up about the site. Steve Masengale threatens to start a gold rush if Brouillard does not let him build a tunnel to build a railroad branch to the place, thus opening an easy market for the ore from the "Little Susan" mine. Brouillard and the company's promoter make a deal, but on orders from Washington, Brouillard turns over the plans for the dam, installation.

Do you believe that a really honest man can be persuaded to turn a shady trick in order to help the material fortunes of the girl he loves—even if he believes the trick will never be found out on him?

## CHAPTER VII—Continued.

To his utter amazement the blue eyes filled suddenly. But the owner of the eyes was winking the tears away and laughing before he could get to the amazement into words. "You shouldn't hit out like that when one isn't looking; it's wicked," she protested. "Besides, the railroad is coming; it's got to come."

"It is still undecided," he told her mechanically. "Mr. Ford is coming over with the engineers to have a conference on the ground with the Cortwright people. I am expecting him any day."

"And the government?" "The department is handling entirely aloof, as it should. Everyone in the reclamation service knows that no good can possibly come of any effort to force the region ahead of its normal and natural development. And, besides, none of us here in the valley want to help blow the Cortwright bubble any higher than it has to be."

"Then you will advise against the building of the extension?" "Instead of answering her question he asked one of his own. "What does it mean to you—to you, personally, apart from the money your father might make out of it, Amy?"

She hesitated a moment and then met the shrewd scrutiny of his gaze with open candor. "The money is only a means to an end—as yours will be. You know very well what I mean when I told you that three times we have been obliged to come back to the mountains—to try again. I dread the coming of your camp. I dread a thousand times more the other changes that are coming—the temptations that a mushroom city will offer. This time father has promised me that when he can make his stake he will go back to Kentucky and settle down; and he will keep his promise. After that, when Steve has promised me that he will go, too, if he can have a stock-farm and raise fine horses—his own healthy ambition. Now you know it all."

He reached up from the lower step where he was standing and took her hand. "Yes; and I know more than that. I know that you are a mighty brave little girl and that your load is heavier than mine—worlds heavier. But you're going to win out; if not today or tomorrow, why, then, the day after. It's written in the stars."

She returned his hand-grip of encouragement impulsively and smiled down upon him through quick-springing tears. "You'll win out, too, Victor, because I know it. I know it. I'm sure of it—it's written in the stars. There is only one thing that scares me."

"Name it," he said. "I'm taking everything that comes today—from you."

"You are a strong man; you have a reserve of strength that is greater than most men's full gift; you can cut and slash your way to the thing you really want, and nothing can stop you. But—you'll forgive me for being plain, won't you?—there is a little, just the least little bit of desperation in the present point of view, and—"

"Say it," he commanded when she hesitated. "I hardly know how to say it. There were ideals in the beginning; don't let them fall down in the dust or in the mud. It's got to be clean money, you know; the money that is going to give you the chance to say, 'Come, girl, let's go and get married.' You won't forget that, will you?"

He relinquished the hand of encouragement because he dared not hold it any longer, and turned away to stare absently at the timbered tunnel mouth whence a faint clinking of hammer upon steel issued with monotonous regularity.

"I wish you hadn't said that, Amy—about the ideals."

"I don't know what you mean," she said simply. "Perhaps it is just as well that you don't. Let's talk about something else—about the railroad. President Ford hasn't decided; he won't decide until he has looked the ground over and had a chance to confer with me."

She bridged the gap with swift intuition. "He means to give you the casting vote? He will build the extension if you advise it? Then it will lie in your hand to make us rich or to keep us poor," she laughed. "Be a good god-in-heaven, please, and your petitioners will ever pray." Then, with an instant return to seriousness: "But you mustn't think of that—of course, you won't—with so many other and greater things to consider."

"On the contrary, I shall think very pointedly of that; pointedly and reverently; because your brother has made it practically impossible for me to help."

"Yes, brother?" with a little gasp. "Yes. He offered to buy my vote with a block of 'Little Susan' stock, 'but wouldn't have been so bad if he hadn't talked about it—'

"When Mr. Ford comes you must forget what Steve said and what I have said. Good-by."

claimed him fresh from the dusty-dry reaches of the Quesada trail.

"It is your own opinion that I want, Victor," the fair-faced man was saying, "not the government engineer's. Can't you make the road if we're going here? That is a question which you can answer better than any other living man. You are here on the ground and you've been here from the first."

"You've had it out with Cortwright?" Brouillard asked. And then: "Where is he now—in Chicago?"

"No. He is on his way to the Niagara, coming over in his car from El Gato. But never mind J. Wesley. You are the man I came to see."

"I can give you the facts," was the quiet rejoinder.

A smile wrinkled at the corners of the big man's eyes. "You are dodging the issue, Victor, and you know it," he objected. "What I want is your personal opinion. If you were the executive committee of the Pacific Southwestern, would you, or would you not, build the extension? That's the point I'm trying to make."

Brouillard got up and went to the window. When he turned back to the man at the desk he was frowning thoughtfully, and his eyes were the eyes of one who sees only the clearly etched lines of a picture which obscures all outward and visual objects.

"The picture he saw was of a sweet-faced young woman, laughing through her teeth and saying: 'Be-ides, the railroad is coming; it's got to come.'"

"If you put it that way," he said to the man who was waiting, "if you insist on pulling my private opinion out by the roots; you may have it. I'd build the extension."

CHAPTER VIII  
Mirapolis

During the strenuous weeks when Camp Niagara's straggling street was acquiring plank sidewalks and getting itself transformed into Chirigoro avenue, with a double row of false-fronted "emporiums" to supplant the shack shelters, Monsieur Poudrecaux Bon-gras, late of the San Francisco tenderloin, opened the camp's first counter-grill.

Finding monsieur's name impossible in both halves of it, the camp grinned and rechristened him "Poodles." Later, discovering his dual gift of past-mastership in potato-frying and coffee-making, the camp gave him the name of the vogue sprang in swift succession a cafe with side tables, a restaurant with private dining rooms, and

presently a commodious hotel, where the food was excellent, the appointments luxurious, and where Jack-clothed and in his right mind and with money in his hand—as good as his master.

It was in one of Bon-gras' private dining rooms that Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright was entertaining Brouillard, with Miss Genevieve to make a harmonizing third at the circular table.

The little dinner had been a gustatory triumph. Nevertheless, when Miss Cortwright had gone upstairs, and the waiter would have refilled his glass, Brouillard shook his head.

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"Name it," he said. "I'm taking everything that comes today—from you."

"You are a strong man; you have a reserve of strength that is greater than most men's full gift; you can cut and slash your way to the thing you really want, and nothing can stop you. But—you'll forgive me for being plain, won't you?—there is a little, just the least little bit of desperation in the present point of view, and—"

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An hour later Brouillard was closest to his longed-for office quarters with a big, fair-faced man, whose rough tweeds and unbrushed soft hair pro-



at our little cob house of a venture, Brouillard, the host allowed at the lighting of the gold-banded cigars.

"You're the government engineer and the builder of the big dam; but you can't build a road in one day, or in two, and the interval is ours. I tell you, we're going to make Mirapolis a buzz-hummer while the daylight lasts. Don't you forget that."

"Mirapolis?" queried Brouillard. "That's the new name?"

Cortwright laughed and nodded. "It's Gene's name—Miracle City. Fits like the glove on a pretty girl's arm, doesn't it?"

"It does. But the miracle is that there should be any money daring enough to invest itself in the Niagara. Cortwright laughed and nodded. 'It's Gene's name—Miracle City. Fits like the glove on a pretty girl's arm, doesn't it?'"

"So much shorter that the parallel won't hold," argued Brouillard. "The parallel does hold; long time, small profits and slow return; short time, big profits and a quick return. You've eaten here before; what do you say Bon-gras for a reasonably good dinner?"

Brouillard laughed. "Oh, Poodles. He checks out on the right—or four times as much as it's worth—or would cost anywhere else."

"That's it. He knows he has to make good on all these little luxuries he gives you—cash in every day, as you might say, and come out whole before you stop the creek and drown him. When we get in motion we're going to have Alaska fished to a frazzle on prices—and you'll see everybody paying them joyfully."

"And in the end somebody, or the final series of somebodies, will be left to hold the bag," finished Brouillard. "There needn't be any last holders, Brouillard. Let me put it in a nutshell: we're building a cement plant, and we shall sell you the output—at a good, round price, I promise you, but still at a lower figure than you're paying for the imported article now, or than you will pay even after the dam gets up. Now the government orders are filled we can afford to wreck the plant for what it will bring as junk. We'll be out of it whole, with a nice little profit."

"That is only one instance," objected the guest. "We Bon-gras, here, is one more," laughed the host. "And our power plant is another. You made your little kick on that to Washington—you thought the government ought to control its own power. That was all right, from your point of view, but we beat you to it. Now the reclamation service gets all the power it needs at a nominal price, and we're going to sell enough more to make us all feel happy."

"Sell it? To whom?" "To Cortwright, leaned back in his chair and the sandy-gray eyes seemed to be searching the inner recesses of the querying soul.

"That's inside information, but I don't mind taking you in on it," he said between leisurely puffs at his cigar. "We've just conceded a few contracts; one with Masengale—he's going to put in power drills, electric ore-cars, and a modern equipment generally and above the development of the 'Little Susan'; and with a new mining syndicate which will begin operations at once on half a dozen prospects on Jack's mountain; and one with a lumber combination that has just taken over the sawmills, and will install others, with a planning mill and saw factory."

Brouillard nodded. The gray eyes were slowly hypnotizing him. "But that isn't all," he continued the promoter. "We are about to incorporate the power plant as the Niagara Electric Power, Lighting and Traction Company. Within a fortnight we'll be lighting Mirapolis, and within a month the railroad gets in we'll be operating trolley cars."

The enthusiast paused to let the information sink in, also to note the effect upon the subject. The noting was apparently satisfactory, since he went on with the steady assurance of one who sees his way clearly.

"That brings us down to business, Brouillard. I don't mind admitting that I had an object in asking you to dine with me this evening. It's this: we feel that in the reorganization of the power company the government, which will always be the largest customer, should be represented in an effective way; that its interests should be carefully safeguarded. It is not so easy as it might seem. We can't exactly make the government a stockholder."

"No," said Brouillard mechanically. "The underpinnings were stirring, however as if from a mighty ground-swell that threatened a tidal wave of overturnings."

"We are going to make you the government director, with full power to investigate and to act. And we're not going to be mean about it either. The capital stock of the company is ten millions, with shares of a par value of one hundred dollars each, full paid and non-assessable. Don't gasp; we'll cut a nice little melen on that capitalization every thirty days, or my name isn't Cortwright."

"But I have no money to invest," was the only form the younger man's protest took.

"We don't need your money," cut in the financier with curt good nature. "What we do need is a consulting engineer, a man who, while he is one of us and identified with us, will see to it that we're not tempted to gouge our good Uncle Samuel."

Brouillard smoked in silence for a full minute before he said: "You know as well as I do, Mr. Cortwright, that in an unwritten law of the service that a civilian employee of the government must not engage in any other business."

"No, I don't," was the blunt reply. "Supposing your father had left you a hundred thousand dollars to invest instead of a debt of that amount—you see, I know what a load your keen sense of honor is making you carry—suppose you had this money to invest, would your position in the reclamation service compel you to lock it up in a safety vault?"

"Certainly not, but if the department should learn that I am a stockholder in a company from which it buys its power—"

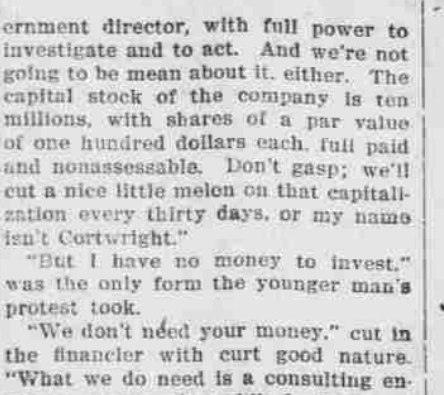
"There wouldn't be a word said—not one single word. They know you in Washington, Brouillard, better, perhaps, than you think they do. They know you would exact a square deal for the department even if it cost you personal money. It's your duty and part of your job as chief of construction to keep the department's interest in a company from which it buys its power."

"You'll get a stock certificate, which you may keep or tear up or throw into the wastebasket, just as you please. If you keep it, it will be a word said—not one single word. They know you in Washington, Brouillard, better, perhaps, than you think they do. They know you would exact a square deal for the department even if it cost you personal money. It's your duty and part of your job as chief of construction to keep the department's interest in a company from which it buys its power."

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Some Good Eating.

One third of the same flavoring in cakes and the combination of two or three different ex-

These are unusual ways of preparing some of the common dishes. Stuffed Spareribs. — Sew spareribs together to form a pocket or in the form of a crown roast. Fill with finely chopped, tart apple and prunes using a cupful of prunes to two cupfuls of apple. Add the juice in which the prunes were cooked and season the meat with salt and pepper.

Needles With Ham. — Cut noodle dough rolled very thin into one-fourth inch squares. Boil in the liquor of the ham or in water. Butter a pan, place in it a layer of noodles, then a layer of minced ham and continue, leaving the top layer of noodles. Beat two eggs with two cupfuls of milk and pour over the mixture. Dot the top with bits of butter and bake slowly in a hot oven for one hour. Sauté in a large pan and cut a hole through the center lengthwise with an apple corer. Draw a small sausage through each potato, place in a pan of bacon and bake until the potatoes are done.

Lamb Pot-Pot. — Take convenient sized pieces for serving of lamb cut from the neck or shoulder. Roll the meat in flour, salt and pepper and place in the cooking dish. Cover with layers of onion and potatoes, sliced thin, having potatoes on top. Bake in slow oven for three hours, adding water from time to time as needed. Serve in the same dish in which it was cooked.

Stuffed Brisket of Lamb. — Wipe the brisket, make an opening and fill with stuffing, sew up the opening and dust all over with salt and pepper. Place sliced carrot and onion in the baking pan, put in the meat and add a little hot fat and enough hot soup stock or water to cover the bottom of the pan. Roast for an hour, basting frequently. When tender remove the meat and allow the liquor to boil down. Thicken the liquor for gravy and serve with the meat.

Never a life that was curved in pain. The curtain he kissed into smiles again. — Bret Harte.

The secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate. — Adam Clarke.

CORRECT MEASUREMENTS.

To the old-fashioned housekeeper and cook, the methods of accurate measurement do not seem important. When our cooks begin to learn that cooking is an exacting science, there will be less said about "luck" in cooking.

The "hit or miss" methods of measurements are the cause of poor results. Cooks as well as other workmen should have good tools to work with. If they expect to realize success, there are standard spoons and measuring cups on the market that are full measure, and there are those which lack from one to two tablespoons in a cup. Be sure that those you buy are full half pint cups of flour, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, the yolk of a hard-cooked egg, one egg slightly beaten and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat the mixture with water and pour over the tomatoes.

Bechamel Eggs.—Fry a slice of carrot, onion and sprig of parsley, all minced in three tablespoonfuls of butter with a bit of bay leaf. After five minutes add three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika, add a cupful of chicken broth, strain, reheat and add four hard-cooked eggs cut in eighths lengthwise. Add a half cupful of cream and a grating of nutmeg just before serving. Heat and water and pour over the tomatoes.

Apple Schmarren.—Make a thin batter of two tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, a beaten egg, seasoning with salt and slice into this a large apple. Have a teaspoonful of hot fat in a frying pan, pour in the batter and fry brown. Serve with powdered sugar.

Dealing With the Child.

"Often a child in the home is regarded as rebellious," says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion, "when it is merely trying to adjust its reason to the demands made by the parent. It argues, objects, finds fault, and is difficult to manage, and parents do not understand that the child has an unusually well-developed reasoning faculty, and probably a vigorous body as well. Such a child needs training, not punishment."

A Complicated Case.

Pension Lawyer. Upon what grounds, madam, do you apply for a pension? Fair Applicant.—My stepmother's first husband's substitute's brother-in-law contracted hay fever in the City and he died last week. O pension!

Defining an Optimist.

An optimist may be described as a person who believes that a wolf is going to be captured during a high wolf hunt. — Atchison Globe.

Women Good "Workmen."

The employment of women as machinists has been very successful, judging from the quantity and quality of the work turned out in some British establishments which were depleted by the men leaving for the seat of war. Some 800 in all are so employed. In one case where there are 200 girls, 60 men are needed for tool-setting, setting-up work and cases where strength is required.

For Revenue Only.

Most of the time the plaintiff would hit the nail upon its well-known head if she'd spell it income-taxability. — Judge.

Critical Definition.

Professor.—Define transparent, translucent and opaque. Student.—If I may give an illustration instead, sir, I would say that the windows of this room were one transparent, they are now translucent and if not cleaned very soon they will be opaque.

# The Kitchen Cabinet

The holy passion of friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it lasts through a whole lifetime—if not asked to lend money.—Mark Twain.

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